



## CIGARETTE PAPERS

By JOSEPH HATTON.

## The Daily News.

The retirement of Sir John Robinson, who for so many years was the heart and soul of the "Daily News," is an event in the history of London journalism, not alone because it removes from its active ranks a conspicuous figure, but for the reason that it emphasizes a lamentable change of policy that is the *raison d'être* of the new proprietor. How difficult it is for a pro-Boer paper to "go straight" has been pointed out by several leading journals, apropos of certain items of South African intelligence that have not appeared in the "Daily News." I am not, however, in these reminiscences of the famous daily and its late manager, concerned with questions of policy. Started in 1846, the "Daily News" was born under the editorship of Charles Dickens. Mr. Lucy, one of its latest editors, who held the reins not too successfully, may be consigned by the utter failure of his illustrious predecessor. Mr. Lucy perhaps had not his own way altogether, and many contingencies go to the success or failure of an editor. Anyhow, the brilliant "Toby" of "Punch" left his mark on the paper, and as its chief Parliamentary hand for many years helped to make it both entertaining and influential. With the change of staff in Bouverie-st., Mr. Lucy is understood to have gone over to the "Daily Telegraph."

## Mr. Henry W. Lucy.

The chiefs of Peterborough Court attach great importance to the Parliamentary sketch that precedes their ordinary report. Several graphic pens have been engaged upon it, none more successful than that of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P. Mr. Lucy brings to the duty a clear and concise style, with an almost unequalled knowledge of the rules and regulations, the traditions and the personnel of the Legislature. Few Pressmen have worked harder or with more deserved success than Mr. Henry W. Lucy, who began his career as a reporter on the "Shrewsbury Chronicle," and who in the course of his elevation from one important post to another has in his higher positions invariably followed predecessors of distinction, and worthily held his own. As the writer of "Punch's" "Essence of Parliament" in Shirley Brooks he succeeded one of the most graceful and cultured pens of the Victorian era. As editor of the "Daily News," he followed Mr. Frank Hill, a very able if very egotistical chief. But at the "Daily News" from the first days of its success there was always Mr. Robinson as a standby, a man of a wide experience, a tried journalist, and a business manager of singular capacity.

## A Chance for Mr. Carnegie.

In the editorial chair of the "Daily News" Dickens was heroic. Never practical for a moment, he was splendid. Without stinting he played his cards with the recklessness of a millionaire who is tired of keeping up money. Why doesn't Mr. Carnegie, who thinks it unbecoming for an old man to go on "chasing dollars," after he has made forty millions, work off a million or two in a model day? Think of the sums he could pay for serials by Mario Corigliano Hall Caine or Mrs. Ward? Or, better still, how he might encourage far greater novelists who, according to the critics, are struggling against adverse fate; not to mention high and noble treatment of sports and pastimes, the affairs of Threadneedle-street, the graphic reporting of the police, coroners', and the upper or courtly, social, and individual telegraphic news of his own correspondence all over the world, a review of criticisms as "the gay science," it used to be, and the honest, patriotic, and wise exposition of the real opinion of our great middle-class, leavened with the quickening criticism of the political economist who makes the world's progress life-long study!

## Happy and Glorious.

Dickens would have been the man for the Carnegie editor. He would have made the Anglo-American money fly. The famous novelist went at the "Daily News" like the hero of a romance. One can imagine his bright eyes flashing as he gave forth his editorial instructions, and his cheery laugh of approval as the choicer contributions of copy came in. For four months he reigned a witty editorial imperialist. Money flowed in like water from the proprietary coffers. Dickens spent it with a lavish appreciation of its volume. He engaged contributors right and left. A railway editor was appointed at £2,000 a year. There were foreign, Colonial, and heaven knew what other editors besides. It was a glorious time while it lasted. There was no niggling check upon what the Americans call "re-tariff" expenses. Men were paid at the highest rates. The contingent of journalistic Bohemia that happened to have been commissioned by Dickens never dined better. Talk of Sala's treatment as a gentleman with the pay of an ambassador, the humblest member of the "Daily News" staff under Dickens was not less than a well-considered attaché at the court of a despotic monarch. Such times, my friends, such times!

## But a Mistake.

"But it was all a mistake, a brief mistake," as Dickens said, to cut himself off from his old pursuit at that time. Years later he pursued himself a model editor of "Household Words," in which capacity he discovered talent and made reputations for new men. Oddly enough, his first idea of a title for his weekly was All the Year Round," which he afterwards adopted when he started from Bradbury and Evans. Among the titles he thought of, and which he finally rejected was "The Robin," with this motto from Goldsmith:—"The red-breast, celebrated for its affection for mankind, continues with us all the year round." Mr. Foster also mentioned others: "The Household Face," "The Companion," "The Highway of Life," "The Lover," and "The Rolling Years." Dickens having sent his friend these suggestions one day followed them the next with "Household Words," which was straightforward adopted. Some of the other titles were merely passing thoughts. But "that's in a name!" Critical London scoffed at "The Graphic."

## A Bit of Exclusive News.

Sir John Robinson has been a journalist all his life. Once upon a time there was an evening paper called "The Express" (practically the even-

ing edition of the "Daily News," as the "Evening Standard" is known among newspaper men as the best edited paper in London. The editor was Mr. Robinson. Later, when he joined the "Daily News" as manager, he also edited "The Express." Years ago he told me several interesting stories about one of the paper's notable contributors, Miss Martineau. For a long time she wrote three articles a week by agreement. She delighted in her work, and contributed greatly to the literary reputation of the paper. One story which she was fond of telling, and which Sir John Robinson repeated to me, was that she once enabled the "Daily News" to make an important announcement, namely, the sailing of the fleet for the Baltic during the Crimean war. She was on visiting terms with a lady who was anxious to get an appointment on one of Her Majesty's ships for her son, and having claims upon Her Majesty, she asked the Royal intercession. The Queen called upon her one morning to tell her "to set her mind at rest," for the fleet "was going to the Baltic," and her boy should go with it. In the afternoon, Miss Martineau called to see her friend, and was told of the circumstance. With true newspaper instinct, she drove back to the "Daily News" office with her news, and the paper had all the credit of having exclusively received a vastly important official notification. By-the-way, Sir John advised Miss Martineau after her retirement to have her "Daily News" articles reprinted in volume form. They were published, and proved financially successful. She was very delighted at the result, as she fancied the world had forgotten her.

## A New Scheme of War Correspondence.

Sir John Robinson may be said to have achieved the financial success of the "Daily News" as a penny paper, and to have altered the conditions of war correspondence. For two years the penny daily had been carried on at a loss. In 1870, there came a change. You and Bouverie-st.," wrote Shirley Brooks to Robinson, "are the only persons who have gained by this war. You deserve it." Awaiting his opportunity, the far-sighted manager decided this was the one to be used. His plan was to substitute at every point the electric telegraph for the post. "You mean," said the correspondent to him, "that you are to telegraph bits of our letters?" "No," was the reply. "It is to be telegraphed the whole of them." Money was spent freely that the expense must have become very low indeed before the tide turned. The remarkable telegrams of the "Daily News" rapidly changed its fortunes. In one week the circulation increased from 50,000 a day to 250,000, and everywhere abroad its despatches were regarded as the best.

## Famous Campaigners.

It was left to the almost accidental discovery by Robinson of Archibald Forbes to make the success of the paper, and at the same time to complete his revolution of war correspondence. Dr. Sir William Russell was "the Pen of the War" in his day; Archibald Forbes was "the Telegraphic Pen" of our own time. Forbes' campaigning unhappily laid in for him the seeds of an early death. Dr. Russell must have had a far stronger constitution for his story is just as full of hairbreadth escapes and hardships as that of Forbes. Both men adored the profession of journalism, and Dr. Sir William Russell has lived to a ripe age in the enjoyment of a well-deserved and distinguished reputation.

## Forbes's First Great Success.

There was more of the spirit and activity of adventure in Forbes' work as a war correspondent than in that of "the Pen of the War," and greater opportunities in that respect in his time than during Russell's Crimean or African experiences. Nor did he lack rivals who cheerfully carried their lives in their hands and not only won the admiration of their fellow-countrymen, but who, like Villiers, possess decorations from foreign Governments for valour. The coup that gave Forbes the foremost place among his contemporaries under the Robinson regime was not alone his brilliant account of the surrender of Paris, but the early date of its publication. He was in the spot when Napoleon III. surrendered his sword to the Emperor of Germany. He was the first newspaper man in Paris after that fatal day. Edmund Yates, a great admirer and personal friend of Forbes, told the story of his achievement in the "World," and never tired of relating it to those who did not know Forbes as well as he.

Riding into Paris," wrote Yates, "from the north side, Forbes saw all that was to be seen, and after surmounting various difficulties contrived to get out again, rode to Ligny, and travelled by train all the way to Charlerue, whence he forwarded his letter to the Emperor of Germany.

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(See next page)  
IN DEEP ABYSS.  
A NOVEL BY  
GEORGES ORNET,  
Author of "The Inquisitor," "Duke," etc.  
Translated by FREDERICK W. D.

## CHAPTER V.

UNDER THE SUNNY SKIES.

"Pardon me, my friend, for having pained you, my friend, for having last night. I was like a wild beast which had escaped from prison, and which had started by the way it had a boundless horizon. I wanted to hide, to look out some shade, because I was no longer accustomed to living in freedom. Now I am recovered. The load of servitude, even now so difficult to shake off, has been taken off. It has been as heavy as that I have borne."

Tragorum laid his hand on his shoulder.

"You have two months before you which to regain yourself. That is how I will benefit to you. You will regain your freedom, and when we reach France, it will be the Jacques of former times."

A shadow passed over Tragorum's brow.

"The Jacques of former times never again. He is dead, I have lost him behind in the bushes with the instruments I wore as a scoundrel. While Maraval is rising, there is not so

far a bird as myself. Besides, the motion and fatigue he went through yesterday must have completely flushed him. But he is well pleased, can tell me, and proud into the bargain. He would not give up his captain's double what it is costing him. His sole regret is that he has not succeeded in keeping his white sailor cap which the hall of the convict-supper carried off. What a trophy for a man of useful intentions such as he is! But he will have other sovereigns. Ah, here our captain!" A light-complexioned young man, clean-shaved, and of ruddy complexion, advanced. Tragorum said:

"Mr. Adonis, allow me to introduce my friend the Count de Prado. Just now the appearance he presents is not very flattering, but surely you will see him to greater advantage."

"I am very pleased you," said the captain, with a very strong English accent, "to have been of service to us. What these gentlemen told me under the service I have done them is a easy and agreeable one. We did in some risk yesterday, after all."

And the Englishman with a smile, but which this morning we have only to deal with those ships that carry this."

"Ah! At last you are saying what I expected. What I say," continued Tragorum easily, "you did not reveal everything; to the examining magistrate, you did not tell all to the truth. You were afraid of compromising what I. Furthermore, you were afraid of telling you: 'But we shall understand it, and this much I am telling you.' But we shall understand it, and this much I am telling you: 'But we shall understand it, and this much I am telling you.'"

At that moment the door opened, and Cyprien made an appearance. Stretching out his hands to Jacques, he advanced with a happy smile, and said:

"Well! Is our passenger beginning to recover from his emotion?"

"Your protest cannot thank you too much for rescuing him."

"My dear friend, we shall have two months to live together, and plenty of time for mutual congratulations. Hence apart, we will take a magnificent voyage with you, Jacques. And as we shall spend the time in becoming more impressed than ever with your innocence, we shall have our minds perfectly at ease."

Maraval's kind, joyful manner restored to a state of calm the already too-excited imagination of his two young friends. By giving them a just appreciation of things he brought them back to a condition of equilibrium.

"My dear Jacques, we must, in the first place, give you a more civilised appearance. My servant will be here shortly to shave you and trim your hair. In the meantime you will find some clothes and a wash-hand basin prepared for him. English cleanliness was manifest in every detail, and Jacques experienced a hide joy in discovering brushes, bottles, and all the trifling utensils and articles which bring an element refinement and elegance into life, sinking into an arm-chair he stared around as though unable to satiate himself with the sight of the objects presented to his gaze. Of a sudden he turned pale. At the pillow of the bed he had noticed two portraits in gold frame, his mother and sister, both in black and looking sad and pale, they seemed as though mourning the absent loved ones. On the night before leaving Southampton, Maraval had received these photographs intended for Jacques. This, as it were, an initial promise of pardon before his actual return.

"They are greatly changed," said Cyprien to his friend after a long pause.

"And yet, just then, they were beginning to hope."

"How shall I ever make them forget all they have suffered for my sake?"

"It is very easily! Mothers and fathers are real treasures of indulgence. All that is necessary is to turn to them. What pained them is not that they believed you to be unhappy, but the fact that they knew it."

"Tell me how they have been living these two years."

"Like two recluses, two voluntary nuns. They have shunned society and have shut themselves within their own home, to weep at leisure, nothing outside of yourself has been foreign to them. All who did share their faith in your innocence have been systematically driven from their life and thoughts."

"You are Christian!" exclaimed Jacques in surprise.

"Yes, because I, in the first moment of stupor, humbly acquiesced the sentence by which you were sent to prison against the infamy imposed on you. I have been released by your mother and sister. I love, by Marie even more severely than by her mother. I have been forced to leave her. I have been forced to leave as though I were an

idiot. In spite of all my efforts, I could obtain no information. After an abominable night, I have had to return with the first indications of the error to which you had been the victim. Madame de Prado would consent to the act. And you can form no idea of your sister's savage severity. It was only at the last moment that I was permitted to see her, and, though she held out her hand, it was because I assured her I was going to risk my life to save you."

"Dear Marie! And you, my poor Christian, you, too, have been very unhappy in my account."

"I will have a brilliant revenge on her. When I threat you into her arms, she will be forced to recognise that I am not ungrateful or indifferent. Her pride will become more haughty. Jacques, and I shall see her again, smiling and affectionate, as in former days."

Jacques repeated a grave expression, had, speaking always as though weighing the words, he added: "For twenty-four hours, Christian, I have been reflecting on you have never given me a single word of explanation, when I was trembling at the thought of my ultimate punishment, when I was about to be condemned to death. I have been a slave to her, and her beauty has been the cause of my suffering. It was a very curious mixture of luxury and poverty. During the four months of our liaison, I have been led in a silk dressing-gown, and wearing a pair of expensive corsettes worth twenty thousand francs, lunch at a table covered with a napkin, eating hors-d'oeuvre from a crested plate and drinking champagne from ordinary tumblers. Appearance, order, and economy in life were dead letters for her. The only things of any importance to her were her dress, her caprice, and pleasure, and these she satisfied before everything else."

"I had met her at a charity concert at which she had been singing, in a most charming style, some Italian songs composed by Maraval, and there I fell under the charm of her beauty. Standing there on the stage amidst the admiring women who were present to aid in the work, she looked a vision. She was Chapman by the Marquis Orient, an old and well-painted and tanned up, and who had such an easy way of carrying out a singer when singing. He was not very remarkable, but he had a fine figure and a good gait, and he was dressed in a suit which he had himself made. He gave me an introduction to the reviewing Italian, and the very next morning called at her home and left my card. I received a prompt response, and next week was invited to call and take a cup of tea to musical accompaniment."

I took care not to make the opportunity, and at ten o'clock I reached the same restaurant, where I was received in the hall by the young queen of a valet, who assumed an air of affected dignity. A dozen persons of mixed Italian and French extraction to the grave diplomat and from the giddy young widow to the genuine dowager. It was a kind of demi-monde, in which the tinsel was mixed with the solid, but where also it was easy to see that the solid was promptly on the point of disappearing and giving place to fancy of every kind. To obtain this object and precipitate the disappearance of the mixture, all that was needed was the introduction of a fresh element. My entry on the scene brought about the result.

"I was twenty-five years of age, free, rich, and very popular in society. On which I would not throw any light, because I should have had to compromise persons I judged to have an interest in this affair. But who knows now if I am not mistaken? It is from the mutual knowledge of what you have discovered, and what I have kept back, that the light of truth will probably flash forth. When we have re-established our facts, according to probability if not in reality, then we shall make another as to the method by which we shall act to obtain the results."

"Ah! At last you are saying what I expected. What I say," continued Tragorum easily. "You did not reveal everything; you did not tell all to the truth. You were afraid of compromising what I. Furthermore, you were afraid of telling you: 'But we shall understand it, and this much I am telling you.' But we shall understand it, and this much I am telling you: 'But we shall understand it, and this much I am telling you.'"

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idiot, her unmeasured cruelty created a deep impression whenever she came. David, too, though very intelligent and well-read, she possessed a strong fascination to a supreme degree. It was difficult to meet her without falling madly in love. Her hungry bearing and her talent as a singer, which had gained her a brilliant career in the aristocratic salons of Rome, took complete possession of one's imagination already troubled by her

softly insidious ways of life of pleasure. At the time I had entirely fallen into the influence from my father, when I had come to Paris, and my mother, when I had been entirely dominated by her. I still saw her again, smiling and affectionate, as in former days."

"When I met her she lived in the Rue d'Antony in a furnished apartment, quietly spending what remained of her dowry, generously retained by the Chevalier Bas-Martin; more than the mortified, in fact, considering the fair-transferring treatment to which his wife had submitted him. She was aged upon very indifferently by a maid, and a young maid she had brought with her from Italy. The disorder of every day existence, the negligence of the servants, and the ingenuity of the service, created a striking picture of Jeanne Baud's life.

"When I threat you into her arms, she will be forced to recognise that I am not ungrateful or indifferent. Her pride will become more haughty. Jacques, and I shall see her again, smiling and affectionate, as in former days."

Jacques repeated a grave expression,

had, speaking always as though weighing the words, he added: "For twenty-four hours, Christian, I have been reflecting on you have never given me a single word of explanation, when I was trembling at the thought of my ultimate punishment, when I was about to be condemned to death. I have been a slave to her, and her beauty has been the cause of my suffering. It was a very curious mixture of luxury and poverty. During the four months of our liaison, I have been led in a silk dressing-gown, and wearing a pair of expensive corsettes worth twenty thousand francs, lunch at a table covered with a napkin, eating hors-d'oeuvre from a crested plate and drinking champagne from ordinary tumblers. Appearance, order, and economy in life were dead letters for her. The only things of any importance to her were her dress, her caprice, and pleasure, and these she satisfied before everything else."

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## OUR OMNIBUS.

## THE CONDUCTOR.

There is a pessimism that shapes the opinions of a certain section of the press that continually juggles with figures to exhibit Great Britain as an uncertain and decaying quantity. Agriculture is in a bad way, and nobody shows any great desire to help it. Even professed political economists seem to forget that it is the nation's greatest industry, and neither Radicals nor Conservatives tackle its difficulties with conviction or courage. Corporations are assisted with money for sanitary and other purposes, but agriculture, the backbone of our prosperity, is left to bear its manifold burdens and take care of itself as best it may. The result is disastrous; but even the pessimist leaves agriculture alone. He is taken up with "the falling away of British trade," which is really not falling away, in spite of incidental breaks that are to be accounted for by a one-sided fiscal system humorously called "Free Trade."

It has been left to our friends of the "Chicago Times-Herald" to take hold of the British pessimist and shake him out of his boots over this "decline and fall business" of the British Empire. After posting up the figures from the official returns of Great Britain, Germany, and the United States, the American editor finds that "the most remarkable feature of these statistics is its demonstration that the foreign trade of the United Kingdom in 1893 was almost as great as that of the United States and Germany combined." The "Times-Herald" had been dealing with the hilarious statements of certain of its contemporaries that America was wiping the old country out in trade and commerce. It is true (and we must not forget it) that during the past five years American trade in certain directions has increased in a greater ratio than that of Great Britain. "But," says my American contemporary, "not until the absolute increase of American trade exceeds that of the United Kingdom will we begin to overhaul British commercial supremacy."

The maintenance of our place at the head of the nations depends entirely upon ourselves, more particularly upon our working men. One day, when something like a general system of co-operation comes in and puts an end to strikes, as it will eventually, there will be a tightening of the British grip on foreign trade and commerce that may easily defy any amount of competition. Meanwhile, there is no cause for despair. When the worst comes to the worst we shall revise our fiscal arrangements, and our working men will one day be hand and glove with their employers, as they were, more or less, when the industrial trade of the world was held by British manufacturers, and we had not yet taught Christendom our mechanical secrets and methods.

Of late several letters have been addressed to "The People" on the compulsory retirement, at an age which is many illustrious instances proved to be the height of a man's capacity and vigour. By way of example may be mentioned, our late beloved Queen, Lord Roberts, the late Mr. Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Palmerston, Prince Bismarck, and many judges, ecclesiastics, politicians, soldiers, physicians, and economists. Says one of my correspondents, Mr. Thatcher, of College-green, Bristol: "There is liberty in most things, but in the matter of labour, which is the highest condition and dignity of mankind, liberty is in some quarters positively denied to him, and millions of pounds are paid away in order to induce and compel men to throw up their work. This, to my mind, is a cruelty to the recipients as well as an injustice to the contributors."

Some men at 60, in health, energy, and strength, are equal to many at 30, and the loss of their experienced labour is often a serious drawback to the public service. "I have in my eye," says "A Londoner," "a postmaster, hale and hearty, looks a year or two under 50, who was fond of his work, knew it in every detail, and is good for another 15 years at least. He disliked having to turn out, but he has had to, and not for as good a man, and now the nation is paying him a salary for doing nothing. Seems to me, sir, that we are sufficiently over-taxed, without having to keep a swarm of unwilling idlers. The subject is a large one. 'A Londoner' says he would like to know what 'Will Workman' thinks about it."

## PIPER PAN.

There seems little doubt that Madam Patti's beautiful Welsh home is to be sold in June, and an immense amount of consternation has been created among the villagers in the Swansea Valley by the announcement. The famous diva has been a real lady-bountiful to the poor folk in the neighbourhood for many years, and her departure will be a great grief to them. Craig-y-nos Castle is a majestic building, nestling at the foot of a high dome-shaped hill. Its interior is a veritable treasure-house, containing priceless gifts from Royal and other distinguished people. Among the treasures are a diamond bracelet presented to Madam Patti by Queen Victoria, and a picture of her Majesty framed in brilliants.

But the gift that the prima donna prizes more dearly than all has no intrinsic value whatever. It is merely an old doll, "Henriette," which was given to her for singing nicely when she was a mile or six or seven. To "Henriette" the future diva condescended many joys and sorrows, and on more than one occasion refused to sing if her beloved plaything had been left behind. Madam Patti owns the largest piano in the world, and also has an orchestra of which the performing powers are equal to the combined efforts of 60 performers. It is a most valuable instrument, having cost £3,000.

According to present ideas it seems as if Mr. Newman's Musical Festival at Queen's Hall in May will be principally a festival of conductors. No engagements are settled yet, but the names of several foreign and British conductors of eminence, besides Mr. Wood, are mentioned. We have not had many Continental conductors in London for a few years, so that Mr. Newman's scheme will be welcomed. Of course, the concerts will be orches-

tral, with eminent vocalists to give sundry technical matters and a case of netting on the stage had been dealt with, the meeting adjourned.

All the regimental bands in Italy were ordered to wear mourning for ten days after the death of Verdi, and the proprietor of the hotel where the great musician died has closed the room occupied by Verdi on every visit to Milan during the last 30 years. He is going to have it converted into a Verdi museum.

Attention is again being drawn to the want of intelligence, good voices, comely appearances, and general unsatisfactory condition of the chorus at Covent Garden in the past. But I understand that the new manager, Mr. Andre Messager, is devoting himself specially to improving matters before the forthcoming opera season. That young fresh voices, combined with attractive features, in both male and female choristers, are to be obtained, is easily proved by visits to the theatres where comic operas and musical plays are being performed, and the choruses are a source of enjoyment to the audiences.

The first of the song and piano forte recitals by Mr. Plunkett Greene and Mr. Leonard Borwick was not cancelled after all, but changed to Feb. 22. The two clever young musicians will give two more recitals at St. James's Hall on Fridays March 15 and 22.

On Thursday next Mr. Denis O'Sullivan gives a concert at St. James's Hall, when he will sing a setting by Miss Mary Carmichael of Lover's "The Croppy Boy's Lament" and also introduce for the first time in London, Pandolfi's song from Massenet's "Cinderella," and two songs of the American Yank-Indians.

Encouragement is given to musical students by the engagement at Covent Garden of Mr. Ivor Foster, the young baritone who sang so successfully in the Royal College of Music performances of "Don Giovanni" and "The Flying Dutchman."

The death is announced of Mr. Henry Willis, at the age of 80. He was one of the greatest organ-builders, his finest instrument being that at the Albert Hall. The organs at the Alexandra Palace and St. George's Hall, Liverpool, are also his, and the one at St. Paul's Cathedral was restored by him. Indeed, Mr. Willis built or renewed the organs in nearly half the cathedrals in England.

## OLD IZAAK.

Anglers have had another disappointing week as regards weather, yet the Thames has yielded some good sport, and the season for coarse fishing may yet end well, however unlikely from present indications.

"Otter Bone" has been busy at Staines, where Messrs. Schultz and Caley, of the New Albion Piscatorial, have landed a pike of 5lb. and a chub of 4lb. among other fish, and another angler found a 14lb. perch among his catch. Mr. N. Chick, of the Chiswick Piscatorial, fishing with George Howell at Shepperton, on Tuesday last, caught nine perch, scaling 12lb. together (heaviest 14lb.), in addition to 50 others, and three small jack, all returned to the river.

Los anglers have met with little sport of late, for which the clerk of the weather is blamed. The best reported fish is a 7lb. sea pike, taken by Mr. Beaumont from the Old Rye House water.

Maj. Arthur Terry (of the Thames Angling Preservation Society) kindly placed 50 good two-year-old brown trout in the Thames, at his own expense, on Monday last. A small jack, recently caught in the neighbourhood, was found to contain a rainbow trout in his maw, doubtless one of those put in the internal organs of other varieties, as the transition from any colour to a white is greater than for any other hue, and the animals undergoing this change would be more affected. Some variations in colour are due to abnormal feeding.

While Mr. Editor and I have been "walking in" to some of our readers lately, for the wanton destruction of rare birds, my esteemed colleague, "Old Izaak," I regret to say, has been recording, in a jubilant strain, the capture, almost weekly, for some time past, of otters in the Thames. It is needless to say that what has been said in favour of preserving rare birds applies equally well to rare animals, and to this category the otter certainly belongs, at any rate as regards its occurrence in the British Isles. I do not think that the mere fact of so many otters being killed in the Thames is any criterion as to their plenty, rather I should say it is due to the increased number of anglers and the consequent increase of vigilance in both their and the otters' happy hunting-ground, in which the latter naturally succumb to superior force.

Sea angling is practically over for the present, although fish of one kind or another may be taken in salt water all the year round. The fishing at Deal has greatly fallen off of late, for which various reasons are assigned, but it is probably due to temporary causes (little understood), and after a season or two at most, the fish may be expected to revisit their old haunts. Such cases have happened before.

A special smoking concert in aid of the Anglers' Benevolent Society is announced by the Walham Green and Chelsea Anglers, to take place at the Black Bull, Fulham-rd., on Wednesday, Feb. 27. Mr. Wade has undertaken another lantern lecture, and Mr. W. H. Elsmore will, it is hoped, preside.

A week's outing is being undertaken by the Social Brothers, each member selecting his own time during that interval to compete for the prizes offered by Mr. W. S. Harding and Mr. H. Richardson (president and vice-president respectively), but the weather and "snow-brother" are against them. A former and similar outing proved very attractive, and the society's tray at the Prince Regent, Dulwich-rd., Herne Hill, were well filled in consequence.

St. Margaret's is to be the scene of the 13th annual competition on the Lee, on behalf of the Anglers' Benevolent and Convalescent Home funds, which takes place on Sunday, March 24. The entrance fee of £1 entitles any angler to compete, and either club member or not. Mr. C. A. Medcalfe (president Central Association), himself a veteran Lee angler, is chairman of the competition committee, and Mr. S. Malby, of Canterbury-rd., Islington, hon. secretary. It need scarcely be added that anglers and others may give prizes or take tickets without competing, and Mr. Malby and his committee will warmly welcome aid in both directions.

Mr. W. H. Beckett (V.P.) genially occupied the chair on Monday last at the delegate meeting of the Anglers' Association, held at the Cripplegate Institute, Golden-lane, Barbican, E.C., and 46 clubs were represented. An address of condolence with the King, as had been the case at the Central Association meeting, was feelingly adopted, and ordered to be sent to His Majesty. The association was stated to have a good balance in hand, and after

of netting on the stage had been dealt with, the meeting adjourned.

Two noteworthy angling dinners are announced: the Fly Fishers' Club, to be held at the Hotel Cecil, over which Sir Courtney Boyle, K.C.B., will preside, on Wednesday, March 6; and that of the Gresham, on Tuesday, March 12, at their new headquarters, the Manchester Hotel, Aldergate, will occupy

as known, regularly thought to be a sting. This animal when at bay is a most formidable looking creature, and when lashing its tail and opening its wide mouth, it appears to be capable of overcoming the toughest antagonists, and of doing no end of mischief.

The poison of the heloderm is not so fatal in its effects as that of the venomous snakes. When a cobra or death adder inserts its fangs into its victim, they are seldom more than a few minutes in dying, and sometimes they fall over dead instantly, while the poison of the heloderm generally takes a whole day to take effect.

The Arizona heloderm is about a foot and a half in length, and is of a black and yellow colour. It inhabits dry places, and so much does it resemble the ground in which it is found that it is most difficult to distinguish it. Like most other lizards its food consists of frogs, worms, insects, and eggs of ground-nesting birds.

## WILL WORKMAN.

"It is as much our duty in all these elections, from the highest to the lowest, to act as a party, and to vote so that our principles shall prevail, as in the election of members of Parliament." —Salisbury.

"I am in favour. I have always been in favour of the introduction of politics into municipal elections, but I am not in favour of the introduction of politics into the Council. They may be elected on political lines, because they mark out broad distinctions of character and policy, but when they are elected, let both parties forget altogether political considerations, and settle down to common work for the common benefit." —Chamberlain.

If the Conservatives of London will take the advice of the two great statesmen quoted above, and on Saturday, March 2, vote for their party, and with their party, the will just

as great a victory in the County Council election as they did at the Parliamentary election, and why should they not? The Radicals vote solid for their party. I was talking to one of them only last night, and he finished up by saying, "I would sooner vote for a dead man who was a Liberal than for a live man who is a Conservative."

Now I should not like our party to be quite so bigoted as that, but I do wish they had a little more of that spirit. We have been gulled long enough by these candidates who, whenever they put up for the Borough or County Councils, cover up their Radical coat with a "Progressive" cloak. The candidates on both sides are selected by their party associations. The only difference is that the Conservative and Unionist Associations select the best candidates they can, and call them by their proper names. The Radical Associations select the best candidates they can, and call them "Progressives."

But we are told that "the Ethiopian cannot change his skin, or the leopard his spots," and although the Radical may change his name, he cannot change his nature. He may call himself what he likes, but he will still be a member of the party, which does all the promising, and none of the performing. I heard one of the Radical candidates say the other night, "When we hear a Conservative talk about the housing question, ask him what his party has done towards it."

Why, it is the Conservative party that has done it all. Every housing bill that has been passed has been either introduced by a Conservative member (such as Lord Shaftesbury), or else brought in and passed by a Conservative Government. It is under the one they passed last year that the Council have their powers extended, so that they are now enabled to buy land outside as well as within the county boundary. That is the only way that any good can be done. It is no use going on as the so-called "Progressive" party has been doing, rehousing 500 for every 1,000 they turn out, and that 500 of a different class altogether.

The programme of the Conservative and Unionist candidates on the housing question is the one we want carried out. It is to provide accommodation equal to that destroyed under clearance and improvement schemes, to strive to rehouse as many as possible of the actual persons displaced by providing accommodation, before displacement, and to make special efforts to rehouse those whose employment compels them to reside in the neighbourhood of the improvement.

I hope all those lodgers, and service occupiers, and now resident freeholders, who are able to vote for the first time at this election will remember that the bill which enables them to do so was passed by the Conservative and Unionist Government last year, and I hope all working men electors will not forget when they go to record their votes that nine out of ten of the measures that have been passed by the Conservative and Unionist party.

## THE ACTOR.

Since I last addressed the readers of "The People," we have lost two of the most notable of our comic actors. The first to go was Mr. Alfred Maitby, who will never be forgotten by those who saw him as the tutor in "Betsy" and the old rascal in "Pak Dominos." Both of these assumptions were triumphs, and the worst of it was that Maitby was for ever afterwards trying to repeat them. For many years he had been playing all his parts on the model of these old successes. He was a versatile man, being a clever pictorial artist and the author of a number of good farcical pieces.

Our other loss has been that of Harry Monkhouse, who, of late years, has been associated almost wholly with the Gaiety, with whose audiences he was obviously a favourite. He was a very "mannered" actor, enacting every role he undertook in very much the same way. That is characteristic of comedians, and is easily explained. The comic actor soon discovers that certain vocal inflections, facial play, gestures, or what not, amuse the public, and then goes on repeating these gestures, inflections, and so forth, ad libitum. One cannot wonder at his blame, after all.

Comic actors have always had very marked and invariable methods, do well on trial trips when ridden by quite plain in cut, but the velvet

Look at Dan Lane, look at Willie Edmond, look at Arthur Roberts, look at Lionel Broadbent, look at Edward Terry, look at Arthur Williams, look at Eustace Barrington—are they not always essentially the same, whatever their label be for the moment? And would the public care for them to be otherwise? Would it have liked old Buckstone or old Compton ever to be other than they were? The comic actor practically plays himself. His future lies in his individuality. If his personality attracts and pleases the public, he is made for life.

I am glad to hear that there is to be a performance (at the Gaiety, I believe) for the benefit of the widow and children of William Yardley. Of late years Yardley had done little beyond his journalistic work; he was somewhat out of the swim, so far as dramatic work was concerned. That fell more into the hands of the younger practitioners. No doubt he was a trifle old-fashioned in his literary ways; he did not belong to the "new humours." His best achievements were in the burlesques which delighted the last generation. He wrote almost always in collaboration, and so neither failed to impress his name upon the public.

There will be no small surprise at the announcement that Mr. George Hume is the author of the burlesque play in strength at the Hotel Cecil on Wednesday last, for the society's 20th annual dinner, over which their long-remembered member, Mr. W. H. Brewster, presided; Mr. F. J. Hallatt occupying the vice-chair. The musical arrangements, in the hands of Mr. Walter Back, were perfect, and everything was of the best. Mr. J. Macdermott (secretary) had a capital report to present, from which the chairman quoted, and together with the stewardship, did his utmost to promote the comfort of all the loyal and other guests who were honoured, including those of the Thames Angling Preservation Society and the Press, to which Mr. Arthur Price and "Old Izaak" responded.

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as great a victory in the County Council election as they did at the Parliamentary election, and why should they not?

I know of at least four new plays to be produced at suburban playhouses between now and Easter. I have always felt that these local theatres would be in this way a boon and a blessing to playwrights, enabling them to get a hearing for dramas which would otherwise languish in managers' pigeon-holes. It is now possible to get in the suburbs at least a week's run for a piece which in the old days ran the risk of being murdered at a scratch West-End matinee.

## MR. WHEELER.

In the matter of a collision one never knows one's luck. There was a crooked once when in coasting down Southampton-lane, ran into and knocked over Sir George Newnes. Through the introduction thus rudely made the cyclist became editor of the "Daily Courier." As Sir George Newnes was known to be the proprietor of many newspapers and periodicals, it is said that the honest went for some time in fear of his life. All the cycling scribes were watching their opportunity to dash into the unfortunate gentleman. A somewhat unfortunate contretemps occurred to a Danish cyclist in the neighbourhood of Copenhagen. He was cycling along the Yesterbrogade when he collided with an elderly gentleman, who did not make way for him at once. The old gentleman rolled in the mud and lost his hat. The cyclist, very annoyed, began to abuse the pedestrian. In a moment he was seized by detectives and policemen. It was the King of Denmark whom he had run over. Our most gracious Queen's father, however, ordered the cyclist to be released at once.

But we are told that "the Ethiopian cannot change his skin, or the leopard his spots," and although the Radical may change his name, he cannot change his nature. He may call himself what he likes, but he will still be a member of the party, which does all the promising, and none of the performing. I heard one of the Radical candidates say the other night, "When we hear a Conservative talk about the housing question, ask him what his party has done towards it."

Why, it is the Conservative party that has done it all. Every housing bill that has been passed has been either introduced by a Conservative member (such as Lord Shaftesbury), or else brought in and passed by a Conservative Government. It is under the one they passed last year that the Council have their powers extended, so that they are now enabled to buy land outside as well as within the county boundary. That is the only way that any good can be done. It is no use going on as the so-called "Progressive" party has been doing, rehousing 500 for every 1,000 they turn out, and that 500 of a different class altogether.

I am very glad to say that one reader of "The People," a gentleman residing on the Brighton-road, has offered to help some of those of my readers who were anxious to open cyclists' rests and tea-rooms. If those correspondents who have already written to me (some of them have not sent coupons) will write again giving full particulars of their case, addressing their letters to "Mr. Wheeler," I shall have great pleasure in putting them into communication with this reader of "The People." More than that, should they ultimately start these cyclists' rests I shall be glad to hear of them and notify their existence in this column. There should be many places on both the Brighton and the Portsmouth-roads where such enterprises should pay and be well patronised by passing wheelmen.

A note that I penned last week with regard to agents has brought me some correspondence from members of this fraternity. They all point out that however willing they are to get business and to please customers, they are still imposed upon. One agent tells me that a lady asked him to quote for a machine for which he held the local agency. He made a fair price, leaving but a small business profit to himself. The lady then called and told him that a relation of hers, an East India merchant in the City, could obtain such and such terms as he quoted. The agent profit, this time almost to nothing. The machine was ultimately ordered through him. The saddle, however, did not suit and the tyres were damaged through an accident to the cradle. The machine was on the agent's hands for over a week, not through the manufacturer's or his fault. In justice to agents, I am asked to tell the public that they have to make a living and that they are often severely imposed upon.

Correspondents continually ask me the question whether their bicycles can be fitted with motors. This week more than one reader writes to me to this effect. In my opinion no ordinary cycle, as now built for road work, is strong enough to stand the strain, and under no circumstances should I recommend having such a contrivance fitted. Cycling and motoring are things apart. The motor cycle or even tricycle is not a success and is by no means a pleasant means of locomotion. If one wants to motor it is best to purchase a three-horse or six-horse power cart to enjoy the pleasures and discomforts of motoring. The bicycle and the tricycle proper have joy of their own which one can appreciate without having to stop up one's nose with cotton wool, and having one's spinal cord shattered. The bicycle motor is a pretty toy and is good for fun, but it is not a success.

A simply made, but with a pretty little bodice in alpaca, appealed to me the other day. Its sole trimming was narrow black velvet baby ribbon. The vest was closely lined with rows of the ribbon, and the square revers were edged with three rows, then a space was left, and three rows appeared again on quite the inside of the rever close to the vest. The back of the bodice was tight fitting, and the front was slightly gathered, the velvet ribbon passed all round in groups of three. The sleeves were also lined with rows of tucks at the top, which are again repeated at the wrist.

A black silk blouse may be made strikingly handsome by any one who happens to possess a little real lace; a neck-band, a few rows of insertion, a narrow

**JACK ALLROUND.****THE BOOKMAN.**

**ORANGE MARMALADE.**—Seville oranges can be had now, and they are the best to use. Slice the fruit up very thinly, then cut it into fine narrow strips, picking out all the seeds as you go along. To each pound of sliced fruit add three pints of cold water, and let them stand for 24 hours, then boil till the rind chips are tender. All the seeds should be put in a muslin bag and tied very securely, but the bag should be loose and not crammed. The seeds should be boiled with the oranges. Let all stand together till next day, then remove the bag of seeds, and to every pound of boiled fruit add half a loaf sugar. Boil, ceaselessly stirring all the time, till the chips are quite clear, and the syrup, on being dropped on a cold plate, jellies. The grated rind and juice of two good ordinary sweet oranges will improve the flavour if added at the last boiling; or, as some think better, the juice and grated rind of two lemons. When finished the marmalade ought to be quite clear. Pour it at once into clean, dry jars, and when cold cover over to exclude air.

**WHITEWASHING.**—The number and size of the rooms must determine the amount of wash you have to prepare. A considerable space may be covered with a dozen balls of good ball whitening, and about 2lb. or 3lb. of common soap. Put the balls of whitening into a pail the evening before you want to use it. Pour plenty of water over them, and when they got soaked through break up the balls, and stir the mass well till all is dissolved and soft. Let it stand all night. In the morning you will find the whitening fallen to the bottom, and the water stands above it. Without stirring the whitening pour off all the surplus water you possibly can; the less left in the better. Then put a pint of boiling water into a saucepan and drop the mass into it. As soon as it is all melted pour it upon the whitening, stirring it all the time, and then with your hands set out to amalgamate the two; nothing moves than size and whitening as well as the hands, so they find out and break up all the lumps which, if unbroken, would ruin the effect. To make the whitewash a good colour blend a little ultramarine powder with cold water, then mix it thoroughly with the whitening and size. Never put the powdered colour in dry. Bear in mind that the whitewash will dry three or four times lighter than it will look in the pail, and in this way you can guide yourself as to how much colouring stuff it will require. When the tinting has been well stirred through the whole, and while it is still warm, strain it through a piece of clean, coarse canvas, and as soon as it is ready for use. Before you begin to whitewash shut all doors and windows to exclude draught, which will cause the work to be streaked. Work from the light, using a good broad whitewashing brush; taking a sweep right across the room, work swiftly, evenly, and carefully; never stop a moment once you begin, or the work will look uneven; the quicker it is covered the better the result. When the whole is finished, at once open all doors and windows, as the sooner it is dried the better. If the ceiling is in a bad condition and very smoke dried, it will need a special preparation; but if only ordinarily soiled it will be sufficient to simply wash off with an old whitewashing brush and water the old stuff, changing the water several times. Then let the ceiling dry.

**A COOLING AND REGULATING SALINE.**—A quarter of a pound castor sugar, 2oz. tartaric acid, 2oz. cream of tartar, 2oz. carbonate of soda, 2oz. Epsom salts. Each of the powders must be dried separately on wavy plates before the fire, and crushed to the finest powder, then mixed and sifted once or twice through warm dry muslin, and finally bottled in perfectly dry bottles, corked well, and stored in a dry place. About a teaspoonful stirred in one-third of a tumbler of water, hot or cold, makes the overfeeling draught.

**GOOD RICH CHERRY CAKES.**—These are made in large or small flat tins. Take for ingredients 5lb. butter, 5lb. sugar, 50 to 65 eggs, 7lb. flour, 2lb. dried cherries, and 1lb. of chopped (not very finely) mixed peel. I have given confectioners' scale, but, by keeping the proportions, it can be reduced according to requirements. Use for mixing a large earthenware pan, and slightly warm the butter, but on no account allow it to get oily. Break up the butter and add the sugar, and beat the two together till you get them to a cream; then begin adding one or two of the eggs at a time, steadily beating the two eggs till amalgamated with the creamed butter and sugar before the rest are added, and so go on. In cold weather especially this creaming of the butter and eggs should be done before the fire, as the eggs tend to chill the mixture, and may lead to what bakers call curdling, and thereby spoiling the whole. When all the eggs are in and creamed, lightly, quickly, and thoroughly mix in the flour, and after that the fruit. Have one or more Cakes take time nicely prepared, put the mixture into the tin about 2in. thick, and bake thoroughly in a slack oven.

**TO REMOVE BLOOD AND STAINS FROM BIRDS' SKINS AND FEATHERS.**—Lieve beside you a few clean, dry cloths and towels, a piece of fine flannel, good yellow soap, a piece of pipeclay, and warm water. The pipeclay must be pure and clean; dissolve a piece of this in about half a pint of warm water, and in the mixture steep the piece of flannel, then soap it thoroughly with the yellow soap, and with the flannel so prepared saturate and rub the feathers the right way, being careful never to rub them up backwards. Work with the flannel until you have loosened the skins, and then immerse the feather or bird skin in clean cold water until it is quite cleansed; then roll it in a soft dry cloth, pressing in gently so as to absorb the water. Next unfold the feather, bird's wing, or skin, as the case may be, and hold it near enough to the fire for the heat therefrom to act upon it, while you beat it lightly, though lightly, with the folded end of a clean towel. If you are only cleansing a feather or a wing, have it rapidly before the fire, near enough to have it under the influence of the heat. It requires neat handling and judgment, of course, but if you do it you will find the plumage of skin, feather, or wing, now quite cleaned, soon display its natural sit and appearance.

**CLARENCE HOUSE.**—Gen. Pole-Carew, who was married this week at the Guards' Chapel, went to South Africa in command of the 1st (Guards) Brigade last year, and before he returned home he was given the command of the 11th Division. He has had a very distinguished military career, having served in the Coldstream Guards from 1859 to 1869, was Private Secretary to Sir Hercules Robinson (who afterwards became Lord Rosemead, and was High Commissioner for South Africa) when Governor of New South Wales, 1876 to 1877. A.D.C. to Lord Lytton, Viceroy of India, 1878 to 1879. A.D.C. to Earl Roberts (then Sir Frederick Roberts), 1879 to 1880, and A.D.C. to Duke of Connaught, 1882, and was Military Secretary to Earl Roberts in Madras, and also when Commander-in-Chief in India. He is a son of Mr. W. H. Pole, C.-in-C., M.P., and also when Commander-in-Chief in India. He is a son of the late Mr. W. H. Pole, C.-in-C., M.P., and Anthony, 1st Baron Folkestone, and a cousin of Gen. Buller, V.C., Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, the eldest daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Ormonde, in not only beautiful, but a wealthy bride, as she is co-heiress with her sister under the will of the late Lady Lismore, who was the widow of the first cousin of Lady Beatrice's grandfather. The bride is many years younger than the bridegroom.

**POULETT PEPPERAGE.**—An action for ejectment of the youthful Earl Poulett from Hinton House is said to be pending. The proceedings are being taken by Mr. Hall, Warwick-court, Holborn, on behalf of the person claiming the pepperage, who was for a considerable time known about London as Viscount Hinton. An injunction is about to be applied for to restrain the present occupant of Hinton House from using the title of Earl Poulett, and Mr. Hall states that the litigation is to be vigorously prosecuted, so that the matter may be settled once and for all. Some proceedings are also contemplated against a book of reference for having inserted the name of the Hon. W. J. L. Poulett as Earl Poulett.

**THE MAYOR OF FOLKESTONE.**—The Mayor of Folkestone has announced a scheme for the introduction of a Kursaal.

**AT DULWICH CONSERVATIVE CLUB.**—Sir J. Blundell Maple will preside at the first smoking concert of the season at Dulwich Conservative Club tomorrow.

**AT THE ROYAL ENGINEERS.**—Sir George Will, Esq., Yoxall, is no longer fit for his duties as Adjutant of the Royal Engineers, due to ill health.

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## TALK OF THE PEOPLE.

### THE KING. RECEPTIONS AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

Sunday Morning.

If the exposure of the Morrison fiasco—for that, in plain English, is what it comes to—does not convince the people of this country that our pro-Boers have reached that pass that it is not safe for an honest man to take their word on a question of fact, nothing will do. Nothing more disgraceful has been known in modern English politics, and, if the persons who have made themselves responsible for it have any sense of shame left, they will refrain for ever from daring to calumniate our officers and men.

#### THE KING REPLIES.

The King attended at St. James's Palace at noon yesterday to receive addresses of condolence from various bodies, including the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and the Town Council of Edinburgh.

His Majesty drove to the Palace accompanied by a Sovereign's escort of Royal Horse Guards, with the colour.

The 2nd Life Guards posted a guard of honour in Finsbury Court, and the Coldstream Guards in Colour Court. Those

attending wore livery dress, and the Chancellors and Vice-Chancellors of the Universities appeared in their robes of office.

#### THE KING REPLIES.

The King received first the address from Oxford University, and then that from Cambridge. The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland followed, and afterwards the Town Council of Edinburgh and the Royal Society. In each case the address was read to his Majesty, who, in turn, read a reply, and handed a copy of it to the deputation. The following are the terms of the reply to the Cambridge University:—"I gladly receive you here to-day in accordance with your ancient privilege, which records so honourably the tradition of the loyalty of the University of Cambridge to the Throne. The words in which you bear testimony at the great qualities of character and heart of my dear mother, the late Queen, and her powerful example and influence for good, are an eloquent expression of thoughts which have found universal expression to the very great consolation of myself and the members of my family, and I thank you also myself heartily for your congratulation and good wishes for myself and my Consort. I confidently trust that the University of Cambridge, of which I am proud to be a member, will continue to send forth into the world men endowed with the gift of leading in all labours that have for their end the service of God and the maintenance and development of the Empire, and the welfare of humanity at large."

TO THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

In reply to the address from the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, his Majesty said:—"It is with sincere gratification that I receive the loyal and dutiful address of the Commission of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. I thank you with all my heart for your touching references to the irreparable loss which the nation has sustained in the death of her late Majesty Queen Victoria, my revered mother, whose memory will, I feel sure for ever dwell in the loving hearts of her people. I also thank you for your warm congratulations on my accession to the Throne, and your valued expressions of goodwill towards myself and the Queen. You may safely rely on the fulfilment of the sacred obligation under which I bound myself on my accession to maintain inviolate the rights and privileges of the Church of Scotland. I also firmly rely on the loyal attachment of her ministers and others to my Throne and person, and I pray that under the blessing of Almighty God the Church of Scotland may long continue, by the promotion of true religion and virtue, to exercise its powerful influence for good among my faithful and beloved subjects in Scotland."

#### TO OXFORD.

Replying to the Oxford University address, the King spoke as follows:—"I am pleased to receive the dutiful address which you present to me in accordance with the ancient privilege merited by your sympathy with my grief, and your appreciation of the many virtues, private and public, of my beloved mother, and of the benefice of her long and glorious reign. Touch me deeply and excite my warmest gratitude. Your reference to the time I spent at your University as a student recall to my mind a period of my life which I shall ever look back upon with great pleasure and satisfaction, and I cannot forget the hearty welcome accorded in your famous city to Queen Alexandra and myself when we were present at the commemoration in the early days of our married life. I highly value the assurance of your affectionate loyalty to our Throne and person, and join fervently in your aspirations that my reign may be happy, peaceful, and blessed by the growing prosperity of my people. It will be my constant desire and endeavour to uphold and promote the well-being of those institutions in the country, which have done, great and lasting benefits, educational, social, and religious, upon mankind."

#### TO EDINBURGH.

His Majesty in acknowledging the address from the Edinburgh Town Council said:—"I thank you for your loving and dutiful address. I receive with much satisfaction this expression of devotion to my Throne and person and to the Queen, and I am deeply gratified by the tribute which you have so justly and sympathetically paid to the revered memory of my beloved and illustrious mother the late Queen Victoria. You may rest assured that I feel proud of my personal association with my ancient city of Edinburgh, to which you refer in so kind a manner. My loyal citizens of Edinburgh have ever been conspicuous for their zeal and energy in furthering every movement that is calculated to tend to the prosperity and welfare of this country, and I confidently feel that in my earnest determination to maintain the rights and privileges of all classes of my subjects, and to promote the highest interests of my Empire, I shall have their loyal and unfailing co-operation."

#### TO EDINBURGH.

The election for the London County Council is referred to elsewhere, but may I just say that I hope no one will be taken in by the old "no party" dodge. In some few constituencies, where they know they would stand no chance if they openly professed themselves to be "Progressive" candidates, the Radicals are masquerading as "Independents," free from the trammel of party. Do not be taken in. If these gentlemen are elected, you will find they are the most staunch and faithful supporters of their Radical leaders, and any one who has voted for them on the ground of their "independence," will find himself most woefully mistaken.

It is a little difficult to understand the state of mind of that extraordinary Irish Nationalist, who tried to address the House of Commons in Erse. He must have known that there were not half a dozen people in the assembly who could understand him; and what object a man could have in addressing his hearers in an unknown tongue, is not plain to the Saxon mind. He might just as well have gabbled mere gibberish, and we can only suppose that his motive was simply the pleasure of hearing his own mellifluous voice. The old Irish sense of humour seems to have died out among the Nationalists.

#### WIDE AWAKE.

The Grand Lodge of the Hungarian Freemasons has sent an address of homage to King Edward on the occasion of his Majesty's accession.—Tables from Kingston, Jamaica, announcing that several steamers sailing under the British flag, have been seized by the Venezuelan Government, and impressed into its service. The rebellion is extending.—Central News.

large body of police were also present, under Sir C. Howard, assistant commissioner, and Capt. Cole. At 8.45 a.m. reached the station from Marlborough House with the King's luggage, and about 10 minutes later

AN COURSEUR OR CROSSING heralded his Majesty's arrival. The King, who came in a two-horse Royal brougham, and was dressed in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, was accompanied by Capt. Pensonby, his equerry, Capt. Welch, R.N., and Sir F. Laking, his physician. His Majesty, after shaking hands with Mr. Cosmo Bonar, and gracefully acknowledging the cheers of the crowd which had assembled on the station, at once entered the Royal saloon. Punctually at 10 o'clock the train, which was preceded by a pilot engine, and which was in charge of Messrs. V. Hill, W. Thomson, Wainwright, the locomotive superintendent, and W. Tempest, the resident engineer, steamed out of the station, amid considerable cheering, for Port Victoria, whence the King sailed for Flushing.

BUDGET OF THE UNIONIST CAMPAIGN.

Men in the South Staffordshire fender and fireiron trade have accepted a reduction of 10 per cent.

Lake Corcoran, 72, died at the Leeds Workhouse Infirmary from wounds self-inflicted, in his throat.

James Kennedy was remanded at Berwick on the charge of stealing an overcoat from outside a draper's shop.

Tube-making operatives in Wednes-

bury came out on strike against a 10 per cent. reduction.

William Brooks was convicted at Nottingham of persistent cruelty to his wife, who was granted a separation order and £6. 6d. a week.

Hugh McCarter Joel was fined £10 and costs at Chesterfield for assaulting P.C. Whitaker in the execution of his duty.

The funeral of Mr. John Mitchenson, an old and respected citizen of Fru, took place at the cemetery and was largely attended.

It has been practically resolved to ask the Privy Council to sanction the erection of a new Suffragan Bishopric of Blackburn.

Henry Augustus Rumboll, 39, veterinary surgeon, Bristol, was found dead in a bayloft at the back of his house in Stokes Croft.

During a fire in the stables of Mr. R. W. Lee, of Totesh, Liverpool, eight out of ten horses in the stables were burned to death.

A fire broke out at the works of Richards and Co., ironfounders, Darlaston, and one workshop was completely destroyed.

FOREIGN.

There was another scene in the Surrey County Hospital, Guildford, yesterday, the governors resolved to present an address to the King inviting his Majesty to become patron of the institution, which was founded in 1866 in memory of the Prince Consort.

The address recalled the fact that Queen Victoria was the original patron, and besides subscribing liberally towards the building fund, presented a bust of the Prince Consort, which now marks the origin of the hospital.

SURREY COUNTY HOSPITAL.

At the annual meeting of the Royal

Surry County Hospital, Guildford, yesterday, the governors resolved to present an address to the King inviting his Majesty to become patron of the institution, which was founded in 1866 in memory of the Prince Consort.

The political situation in Bulgaria, already very precarious since the dissolution of the Sobranie, has been still more complicated by the last legislative elections.—Reuter.

The new star of the first magnitude discovered by Mr. Anderson, of Edinburgh, in the constellation Perseus, was observed simultaneously by Herr Grimmer at the Erlangen Observatory, in Bavaria.—Reuter.

LEAVE THEIR FAMILIES

to be a burden to others. There are still further episodes in this particular which have accentuated a feeling of disgust on the part of the Volunteers towards those who have so persistently libelled them. At a meeting of the Council on May 29, 1900, the officials being desirous of forming a Volunteer company, the Council were asked to place a room in the basement of the main building at their disposal for the purposes of an armory. This proposal was at once accepted by a number of the Radicals, including Mr. Frank Smith and Mr. Taylor. The latter gentleman stated in the course of the debate that he regarded Volunteering as "a popular craze and a passing madness." At this time the subject was adjourned for further consideration, but it came on again on June 26, when it met with violent opposition from Mr. J. Burns and other Radicals. Mr. Burns, it is remembered, threw contempt upon the proposed Volunteer company by describing them as the "crawlers." Twenty-nine members of the Radical party voted against the small concession asked for by the patriotic staff. There is yet another instance of THIS GLARING UNPatriotism.

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## THE WAR. DE WET GOING NORTH.

### GEN. PLUMER IN CLOSE PURSUIT.

### LORD METHUEN'S OPERATIONS.

### SEVERE FIGHTING.

### CAPTURE OF A LAAGER AND 40 PRISONERS TAKEN.

Cape Town, Feb. 22.—Lord Methuen captured a laager at Brakpan on the 16th inst., together with 40 wagons and carts, a large quantity of cattle and sheep, and 40 prisoners.

Lord Methuen arrived at Klerksdorp on the 20th inst., having cleared the country. He was opposed by 1,400 Boers, under Gens. de Villiers and Liebenberg.

They were holding a strong position at Haarbeestfontein, from which they were driven after severe fighting.

The British casualties were three officers killed and five wounded; 13 men killed and 23 wounded.

The Boers left 18 dead behind, and suffered severely.—Reuter.

(Klerksdorp, whence Lord Kitchener dispatched his message, is a railway terminus only a few miles from Johannesburg, 100 miles south-west of Johannesburg, as the crow flies. Haarbeestfontein, the scene of Lord Methuen's battle, is about 30 miles north-west of Klerksdorp.)

Cape Town, Feb. 22.—Gen. Plumer has compelled De Wet to turn north, and is in close pursuit.

Hertog is also going northward towards Britstown.

No fighting has taken place.

It appears as though the enemy were endeavouring to return to the Orange Colony.—Reuter.

### OFFICIAL MESSAGES.

Lord Kitchener to the War Office, Pretoria, Feb. 18.—De Wet is reported still moving north, and he will probably double back, south-west. Troops are prepared for this.

Hopetown is only about 15 miles west of Orange River.

Klerksdorp (2.10 p.m.), Feb. 21.—Lord Methuen's force marched in here, having cleared the country through Wolmaranstad.

At Haarbeestfontein he was opposed by a considerable force of 1,400 Poors under Gen. de Villiers and Liebenberg.

The Boers held a strong position obstinately, but were turned out, after severe fighting, in which the 10th Yeomanry, Victorian Bushmen, and the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment distinguished themselves.

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### THE TRANSVAAL.

### FRENCH'S PURSUIT OF BOTHAS.

According to the "Standard's" correspondent, who telegraphs on Tuesday for the last 11 years, he writes, "I am acquainted with many of the local Boers. Those of them whom I question, assured me that they had never known a case in which British soldiers had outraged a woman. One case was rumoured, but had never been substantiated, and was regarded as very doubtful. Let it be granted that some solitary cases of rudeness may have occurred; that would not be surprising under the circumstances. Still, it would not furnish a ground for the libelling of a whole army. The astonishing fact is, however, that in this country one only hears of the surprise everywhere felt that the British soldier has been so self-restrained and deferential towards women."

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